help with the cleanup. Inside, I really freaked out because I had never in my life heard of anyone over the age of about four wearing diapers, but I took it in stride and said that I'd deal with it. With Jan being as cute as she was, the thought of her in a diaper kind of fascinated me in a strange way.

Well, Jan was asleep when her parents and Barb left, and was quite upset when she awoke about an hour later. She had soaked the bed, and came out of her room and asked if I would help her change the sheets. I did and helped her get clean ones on the bed. I told her that I knew about her wetting problem, and suggested that she put a diaper on so that she wouldn't have any more accidents. Even though she was extremely embarrassed, she agreed, and, as it turned out, I kept her in diapers the entire weekend. Once I got the diaper pinned on and was helping her with the plastic pants, I asked her if it bothered her to still be in diapers. She said that she really didn't like to wear them, but that she didn't mind because it helped keep the bed dry and that a few of her girlfriends also still wore diapers to bed, which really floored me. She also mentioned that Barb still wet the bed and wore diapers at night, even wearing them under her dress when she went shopping or went out once in a while. I found that really hard to believe, but told Jan to lie down and rest and that I'd check on her later. She went right to sleep.

Naturally, my curiosity got the best of me, and I went into Barb's room to investigate. The thought of my girlfriend wearing a diaper and plastic pants really made my dick hard. Barb had a six-drawer dresser, and I started from the top and worked my way down. In the top drawer were some sweaters, scarves and whatnot, and in the second one there were some bras and bikini panties. Number three was the magic number. In the third one was what looked like a couple of dozen cloth diapers, twenty-one by forty, with a fair assortment of plastic pants in a few colors, diaper pins, baby powder and some kind of ointment that you'd use for a rash. I was just dumbfounded and stared into that drawer for what seemed like an hour, though I'm sure it wasn't more than thirty seconds or so. All I could think about was a cloth diaper going over that sweet, round butt and the bulk between her legs. I remember grabbing a couple of the diapers, dropping my pants and jerking off with the diapers wrapped around my cock. For some odd reason, the thought of her in a wet diaper was extremely sexy.

Well, Sunday afternoon Barb and her family arrived home, and Barb and I went out for a pizza and a Coke. Not knowing how to approach the subject with any tact, I merely told her of my discovery, and she broke down and cried. I told her that for some odd reason I found the thought of her in a diaper a real turn-on. Well, after talking for a couple of hours and getting a lot of things out in the open, she told me that she had been wearing diapers at night for so long that secretly she found it sexually exciting to wear them under her normal clothes, and that she really enjoyed feeling the bulk between her legs.

Well, we went out to our favorite spot by the marina to do some heavy necking, and for the first time since we first started going together, she let me stick my hand up between her legs. And under her short dress, I felt what has become my passion in a woman — a wet, warm diaper covered by plastic pants. It really turned her on to know that someone had discovered her biggest secret, and she about climbed up to the ceiling when I started to rub her pussy through the

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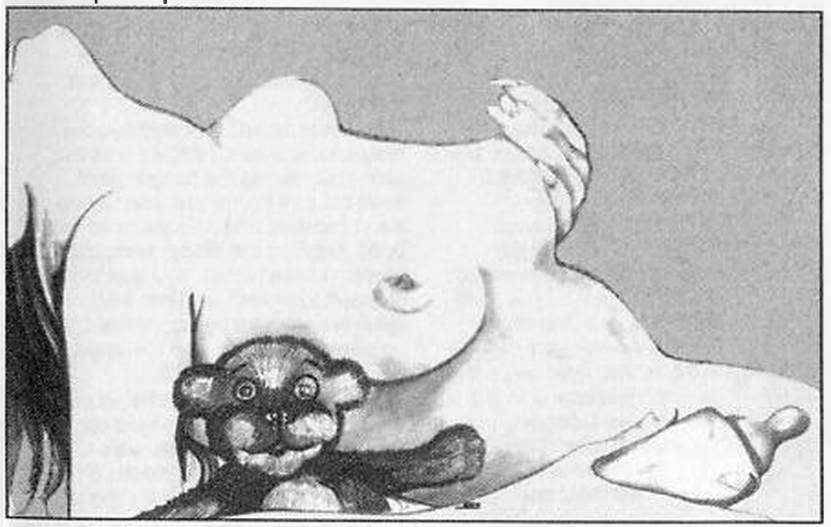

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